

Soldiers' Correspondence.

FOR THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

Welcome Home.

Lines addressed to the Ohio 100th Volunteer Infantry.

Welcome! welcome! hark the greeting,
Which from each loved voice now comes,
Amid the sounding of the trumpets,
And the rolling of the drums.
Welcome home from fields of glory,
Sacred evermore in story,
Wen by you in battle glory:
Welcome home.

Welcome! welcome! up the river,
Over mountains, down the coasts,
Your mission ever to deliver,
Marched your patriotic hosts.
At the battle now just halting,
Over strong entrenchments vaulting—
Who can stand your fierce assaulting?
Welcome home.

Welcome! welcome! God who kept ye
All these weary days ago,
Though of comrades he bereft you,
He but gathered up His own.
May He guide you by His power,
When death shall upon you lower,
And illumine the darkest hour—
Welcome home.

Welcome! welcome! for the sleeping
Heroes, in their distant graves,
We the silent tears are weeping,
For these loved departed braves.
But the Stars and Stripes, ye never,
Shall to traitor hands deliver—
They shall float o'er us forever.
Welcome home.

December 5, 1879.

LAURA, A. D.

FINDLEY'S LAKE, CHATAUQUA COUNTY, N. Y.
November 30, 1879.

EDITOR OF THE TRIBUNE:

DEAR SIR: You have done well in warning soldiers who they shall vote for, and telling them to support their friends and not their enemies. Now, we would like you to do more. We wish you would give the list of the men who, during this winter in Congress, stand by the soldiers, so that we may know whom to support and whom to blackball.

Yours truly,

S. P. CLOUD.

[We will endeavor to carry out Mr. Cloud's request and publish the yeas and nays at times upon bills affecting the soldiers' interests. Particularly shall we note the actions and votes upon the Equalization Bounty Bill, which all soldiers ardently advocate, and Bentley's infamous Sixty Surgeons' Bill, which all soldiers vehemently oppose. Carefully will these votes be noted, and those who oppose soldiers' interests may calculate on some other residence than Washington during the winter.—ED. TRIBUNE.]

ASHLAND, GRAFTON COUNTY, N. H.
November 25, 1879.

MR. EDITOR: I oftentimes hear it remarked that there is something wrong in our Government in regard to paying our soldiers their pensions. The question is, who is to blame? Is it the President, is it Congress, or is it the Commissioner of Pensions? If the latter, he is to blame; if he does not abide by the laws of the Government, he should be removed at once from the office he holds, and the one who gave him the power to hold the office has the power to remove him. Who shall take his place? Why, an honorable man, and if he has but one arm, one leg, or one eye, the other being lost in the service, with a good head and good heart and warm sympathy with poor soldiers, he is the man for the place. Boys, go for good men. As for the man who now is at the head of the pension office, he is so close he will keep a poor, blind soldier from getting a dollar if he can help it. Mr. Hayes, we think you are a good President, but the soldiers want some man who was a soldier in the Pension Office.

Respectfully,

W. W. HARRIMAN.

PETERSBURG, MENARD COUNTY, ILLINOIS,
November 23, 1879.

EDITOR TRIBUNE:

It really seems to me that Bentley is keeping back all the claims he possibly can. I know a soldier whose claim has been pending four years. He has in his possession a letter from the Department informing him that his evidence is complete, and yet, his claim is still pending, and many others are in about the same condition. There seems to be injustice somewhere, and we soldiers charge it upon Mr. Bentley for keeping back these claims. If the business is more than they can attend to, why not work at night to keep it up? Soldiers had to go day and night if required, and so should the Government servants at Washington. We read in history it took one hundred thousand men forty years to construct one of the pyramids of Egypt, (Cheops) and it looks as if it would take Bentley the rest of the nineteenth century to get ready to commence the settlement of the already sanctioned claims. For his benefit I will quote the words of Lorenzo Dow:

"There is a worm about to glow,
There is a rose about to blow."

A UNION SOLDIER.

BELGRADE, WASHINGTON COUNTY, MISSOURI.
November 23, 1879.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

I have been taking your paper for several months and find it to be very interesting. It constantly advocates and contends for poor soldiers' rights, and is their best and strongest friend, and has done more for them than any other paper yet published. I am in favor of all the steps and measures it has advocated. I think there is one class of cases which has never yet been viewed in a proper light. I refer to the poor, invalid pension claimant. He is in a bad condition. Thousands are waiting for the adjustment of their claims. They are very poor and needy, and are not able to support themselves by manual labor. They are whiling away their lives in misery and want. Congress has recently, in passing the arrears bill, been good to the soldiers, but only one class were benefitted, viz: those who were already receiving pensions. Now, more attention should be given to those men who have pension claims pending, and who have been exceedingly slighted.

Yours truly,

T. V. TWOMEY,
Late 14th Missouri Cavalry.

SMYRNA, IOWA COUNTY, MICHIGAN,
December 4, 1879.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

I am a soldier who enlisted in 1862 and served fifteen months, when I was discharged on surgeon's certificate of disability. My disease was brought on by a double quick march, after which I took cold, which settled on my lungs and run me into consumption. I was sick three years after my discharge before I got able to work any, and my lungs are yet very weak. According to present laws I am not entitled to any bounty, while the soldier that was wounded has his bounty though his health may be far better than mine. Now I would like to ask the members of our present Congress if there is anything right or just about this. The soldier who lost a finger receives a pension therefor, I ruined my health and get nothing.

Respectfully,

A SOLDIER.

OFFERLE, EDWARDS COUNTY, KANSAS.
December 6, 1879.

EDITOR OF THE TRIBUNE:

DEAR SIR: In reading your worthy paper I notice that much is said in regard to the Equalization Bounty Bill. I hope it may speedily pass Congress, and then the poor soldiers who so nobly turned out to save our country will have some recompense. My husband went into the army from Delaware with the rest of the poor boys in 1861, for the small sum of \$11 per month. He was sound and hearty when he started, but returned broken down in health. Hearing so much about soldiers getting 160 acres of land here through occupancy, we came here and took our homestead. But crops failed and now we have nothing to sell and scarce anything to live on. There are thousands all over Kansas in our situation, and never was the time when this Equalization Bounty money would do more good than now. I hope, Mr. Editor, that you will do all in your power to urge the passage of this bill this winter by Congress.

M. K. G., a Soldier's Wife.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

To give you an appreciation of the manner of working at the Pension Office, I beg leave to refer to a case at Beaver Dam, Wisconsin. In 1862 one Samuel McLaughlin enlisted in the 17th Regiment Wisconsin Volunteers. On the night before the regiment started south a portion of the barracks took fire and burned down. Some three or four soldiers were badly burned, and among them McLaughlin, who was so severely injured that he died soon afterward. At the close of the war his widow applied for a pension through attorneys in Wisconsin. At that time the proof and evidence called for were easily attainable, and Mrs. McLaughlin's agents encouraged her by saying they expected her pension every day, but still it came not. The lady emigrated to Minnesota, and heard nothing of her case for several years. At length she put it into the hands of an attorney at Rochester, Minn., who secured all the evidence asked for, from Rochester and Beaver Dam, but all his efforts to secure the pension were fruitless. Another attorney in Rochester then agreed to aid Mrs. McL. He took a great deal of trouble, and went to much expense to help the old lady, who is sixty-four years old, and very poor and feeble. To get evidence now was very difficult, many of Mrs. McLaughlin's old neighbors being dead, and many having moved away to parts unknown. The third attorney became discouraged and gave up the case. Mrs. McLaughlin as a last resort, employed an attorney at Washington, and he is laboring to secure her justice. Here is a case which has been pending since 1865—now fourteen years, and the proofs and evidences which have been sent to the Pension Office to establish it would fill a bushel basket. "Nuf ced."

A. E. E.

ROCHESTER, MINN., Dec. 8, 1879.

STEVENS' POINT, WIS., Dec. 5, 1879.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

DEAR SIR: I would like inquire through the columns of your paper, why the Equalization Bounty bill does not pass, as I consider rank injustice is done to the volunteer soldiers who enlisted in 1861, without the passage of said bill.

For instance, I enlisted 1861, (which I considered a duty I owed to my country,) and tried to get my acquaintances to do the same; but many of my neighbors said, "No, we will not go," and they stayed at home in 1861; but I closed out a thriving business and went into the Army to answer the call of my country. During my services in the army I received serious injuries (before serving quite two years) and was therefore discharged, and returned home as near dead as alive and have not seen a well day since, nor received any recompense for services. All I ever got was monthly pay while in the service, on the other hand my neighbor, who stayed at home in 1861, enlisted in 1865 to avoid the draft, and to secure the several hundred dollars which he received, was gone but a short time, having a pleasant trip as it were, and seeing no service, not even as much as to load a gun, and returned home as sound as ever; whereas I was unable to go with him then on account of being disabled previous to this time, while serving for my country without compensation.

Now, I ask if this is justice between man and man?

I remain yours, respectfully, a Wisconsin volunteer soldier of 1861.

JAMES R. LUCE.

FOWLER, CLINTON COUNTY, MICHIGAN,
December 4, 1879.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

It has often occurred to me that a soldier may be regarded as a faithful dog. When the master or his property is in danger, the dog flies at the enemy or criminal and secures their safety and protection. Now, what would a good master do for this dog? He would feed and care for him well. He would not give him a few crumbs from his table, but he would have abundance of good food. Now, if this noble dog had been wounded and sorely beaten, his master would feel for him far more. Are we, the ex-soldiers of the rebellion, not entitled to the consideration a kind master gives his dog? Very many of us have serious wounds, and it appears we can get no pension or have no care taken of us in our old age. We received these injuries while fighting to save our country from destruction. I am glad that I have been a soldier and have done my share of fighting to save our country. May God bless America and preserve her freedom, and all the ex-soldiers who "fought the good fight and finished the work given them to do."

Yours, truly,

AN EX-SOLDIER.

Make Home Cheerful.

A lady correspondent in the *Detroit Free Press* says: I know boys who have gone astray and saddened the hearts of parents, and yet the fault was with the parents. The only way to keep your boys free from crime and stain is to keep them as close to our hearts as possible. The boy who is "tied to his mother's apron string" seldom goes wrong. I like that kind of a boy; he is honest, kindly, polite and manly to a fault. When we can make home the happiest spot on earth for husband and children, we will have little cause for heartache.

When I hear a wife complain about her husband's club and his constant attendance upon it, I always desire to see her at supper-time. I have an idea that she sits at the evening meal in a dirty calico, with slippers down at the heel, clothes-pin pinning her dress at the collar, no signs of ribbon or bow, and her hair as frowzy as the *tout ensemble* of a political primary. I fancy that her face wears an air so icy that her husband catches cold every time he looks at her. A slouchy, untidy, frowning wife cannot compete with a club or a billiard room to save her life. If she wants her better-half (in this instance) to stay at home, let her wear the old smiles, neat dresses and tasty coiffure she wore when he was courting her. Let the room be clean and the fire brightly burning. Let her commence an honest endeavor to make home a brighter, sunnier spot than the club and the saloon, and she'll soon get over her heartaches.

If a boy is wanted to grow up a lover of home, home must be made worth the loving. Don't crowd him down; don't keep telling him that boys are to be seen, not heard; don't make him sit on a certain chair in a certain place until he is on the verge of paralysis, and don't make him read "Baxter's Saints' Rest," when Jules Verne's and J. S. C. Abbott's books are what he wants. Don't refuse him a cookie or an apple, either, just before bed-time, telling him it is unhealthy. If the stomach does not want fruit, it will not ask for it, and the physician who says otherwise should not doctor a sick pump or a deceased ironing-board for me. And further, don't send your boy to bed at half-past seven o'clock. I've known boys raised as above, nine out of the ten, grow up rascals, and the tenth was an idiot. Such boys run off the first chance they get and try to become circus clowns and Indian fighters. I do not blame them, either.

The End of the World.

Camille Flammarion, the French scientist, thus expresses himself in *La Correspondence Scientifique*, regarding the ultimate fate of our globe: The earth was born; she will die. She will die either of old age, when her vital elements shall have been used up, or through the extinction of the sun, to whose rays her life is suspended. She might also die by accident, through collision with some celestial body meeting her on her route; but this end of the world is the most improbable of all.

She may, we repeat, die, a natural death through the slow absorption of her vital elements. In fact it is probable that the air and water are diminishing. The ocean, like the atmosphere, appears to have been formerly much more considerable than it is in our day. The terrestrial crust is penetrated by waters which combine chemically with the rocks. It is almost certain that the temperature of the interior of the globe reaches that of boiling water at a depth of about six miles, and prevents the water from descending any lower; but the absorption will continue with the cooling of the globe. The oxygen, nitrogen and carbonic acid which composes our atmosphere also appears to undergo absorption, but slower. The thinker may foresee through the mist of ages to come, the epoch, yet afar off, in which the earth, deprived of the atmospheric aqueous vapor which protects her from the glacial cold of space by preserving the solar rays around her, will become chilled in the sleep of death. As Henri Nivarez says: "From the summit of the mountain a winding sheet of snow will descend upon the high plateaus and the valleys, driving before it life and civilization, and masking forever the cities and nations that it meets on its passage." Life and human activity will press insensibly toward the intertropical zone. St. Petersburg, Berlin, London, Paris, Vienna, Constantinople and Rome, will fall asleep in succession under the eternal shroud. During very many ages equatorial humanity will undertake Arctic expeditions to find again under the ice the place of Paris, Lyons, Bordeaux and Marseilles. The sea coasts will have changed and the geographical map of the earth will have been transformed. No one will live and breathe any more except in the equatorial zone up to the day when the last family, nearly dead with cold and hunger, will sit on the shore of the last sea in the rays of the sun which will thereafter shine here below on an ambulant tomb revolving aimlessly around a useless light and a barren heat.

Paper Barrels.

It is claimed that the new paper flour barrels are not only cheaper but more tight and durable, as well as lighter, than those of ordinary construction. By an improved method of manufacture, these barrels are composed of straw, paper pulp, which is run into a mould made into the shape of one half of a barrel cut vertically. The pulp is subjected to a powerful hydraulic pressure, and when reduced to the required thickness, the ends of the halves are cut off; the pieces are then placed in a steam drier, the sides are trimmed evenly and the substance thoroughly dried. It comes from the drier ready for making up into barrels. There are three heavy wooden hoops and two hoops fastened together; and into grooves cut in the staves, the paper halves, which have an average thickness of three-sixteenths of an inch, are slid. The ends of the barrel are made of paper of a similar thickness, constructed on the same principle as the sides. The barrels are manufactured entirely by machinery, and the halves are cut so true that two pieces of the same size will readily fit together.

A GREEN SPRIG from the Emerald Isle entered a boot and shoe shop to purchase himself a pair of "brogans." After overhauling his stock in trade without being able to suit his customer, the shopkeeper hinted that he would make him a pair to order. The price was named. The Irishman demurred; but after a "bating down," the thing was a trade. Paddy was about leaving the shop, when the other called after him, asking, "But what size shall I make them, sir?" "Och," cried Paddy, promptly, "niver mind about the size at all! Make them as large as ye conveniently can for the money."